Balt. Here's one, a friend, and one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be upon you: Tell me good my friend
What torch is yond that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſſe skulls: as I diſcerne,
It b urneth in the *Capels* monument.
Balt. It doth ſo holy Sir, and there's my Maſter, one that you love.
Fri. Who is it?
Balt. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Balt. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Goe with me to the vault.
Balt. I dare not ſir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his intents.
Fri. Stay then, Ile goe alone, feare comes upon me,
O much I feare ſome ill unlucky thing.
Balt. As I did ſleep under this young tree here,
I dreamt my Maſter and another fought,
And that my Maſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?
What meane theſe maſterleſſe and goarie ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? ah what an unkinde houre
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirres.
Jul. O comfortable Frier, where is my Lord?
I doe remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am: where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noiſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnaturall ſleepe:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away,

Thy

Thy husband in thy boſome there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too: come, Ile diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſter-hood of holy Nunnes.
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming.
Come, goe good *Juliet*, I dare no longer ſtay.
Exit.

Jul. Goe get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath been his timeleſſe end:
O churle! drinke all, and leave no friendly drop
To helpe me after: I will kiſſe thy lips,
Haply ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me dye with a reſtorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead boy, which way?
Jul. Yea noiſe? then Ile be briefe. O happy dagger,
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt, and let me dye.
Boy. This is the place, there where the torch doth burne.
Watch. The ground is bloody, ſearch about the Churchyard:
Goe ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pitifull ſight! here lyes the County ſlaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme, and newly dead,
Who here hath laine theſe two daies buried.
Goe tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up, the *Mountagues*: ſome others ſearch;
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes doe lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

Enter Romeo's *man.*

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man, we found him in the Churchyard.
Chiefe Watch. Hold him in ſafety till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier and another Watchman.

3. *Watch*, Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes,

We